Quee. What would ſhe haue?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her Father, ſayes ſhe heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpeaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winks and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. T'were good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ſicke ſoule, as ſins true nature is,
'Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſome great amiſſe,
'So full of artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
'It ſpills it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maieſty of *Denmark*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*. *She ſings.*

Oph. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sendall ſhoone.

Quee. Alaſſe ſweet Lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a graſſe greene turph, at his heeles a ſtone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke. White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow

Enter King.

Quee. Alaſſe looke here my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with ſweete flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go, *Song.*
With true loue ſhowers.

King. How do you pretty Lady?

Oph. VVell good dild you, they ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what wee may be; God be at your table.

King.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they ask you what it meanes, ſay you this.

To morrow is S. *Valentines* day, Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, and dond his cloſe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Oph. Indeed without an oath I'le make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alack and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me, you promiſd me to wed,
(He anſwers) So ſhould I a done by yonder ſun
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother ſhall know of it, & ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Ladies God night, God night.

King. Follow her cloſe, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poiſon of deep griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalians: firſt her Father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholſome in thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death: & we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France,*
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelfe in clouds,

 And